

TOM D'URFEY.

What martyr to hypochondriasis has not consulted Doctor Thomas (*vulgo Tom*) D'Urfev, whose "*Pills to purge Melancholy*" relaxed the rigid, frigid muscles of saturnine King William, and cast out the Blue Devils from the querulous Majesty of Queen Anne? which pills may be "*taken*," and the taker "*well shaken*," without any inconvenience, save that of "*holding both his sides*" during the *shaking* produced by fits of laughter! Who has not enjoyed the racy old English humour of Tory Tom, on whose shoulder the merry monarch leaned familiarly, humming an opera tune? Of whom it was said that many an ambitious *parvenu* got credit for pretending to have been in his company, and of whom it was sung (in reference to his intimacy with the Duke of Albemarle, son of General Monk, and his own poverty-stricken fortune):—

He prates like a parrot;
He sups with the Duke,
And he lies in a garret.

His ready wit, lyrical talents, and musical voice, made D'Urfev capital company. At Knowle, the princely seat of the Duke of Dorset, he was ever a right welcome guest, and his portrait bravely be-periwigged smiles upon us in its magnificent picture gallery. A rare print, entitled "*A Sketch of a Topeing Meeting between a Parson, a Burgher-master's Steward, and a Poet*," represents him (the Poet) doing the honours at a convivial party of drinkers, smokers, and jokers, in a snuggerly at Knowle; and another print, still rarer, exhibits him in grand pontificalibus, as Randolph Ruby-face, A.M., Chaplain in ordinary to the Bacchanalian Society of Wine-bibbers, with "*tub ecclesiastic*," cushion, bottle, glass, and book before him, holding forth on the virtues of wine! It is to be regretted that this social scion of Apollo and the "*jolly God*," who wrote "*more odes than Horace*, and about twice as many comedies as Terence," should, in "*the sere and yellow leaf*," have fallen into poverty. But for the humane interposition of the kind and the accomplished Addison this veteran singing-bird might have literally died in a cage.

Against the wall in the south-west angle of St. James's Church, Piccadilly, may be seen a stone bearing this quaint inscription—"Tom D'Urfev, died Feb. 26, 1723."

This too brief notice of so celebrated a wit is intended to herald a piece not printed in his works and known but to a very few hunters after oddities. A piece so extremely scarce, that at the sale-rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, in 1832, it was knocked down to a bibliographical maniac for *Two pounds ten shillings*, its published price, in 1727, being only *sixpence*! Its title is "*The English Stage Italianised, &c., Written by Thomas D'Urfev, Poet Laureat de Jure.*"

This literary curiosity is a free, facetious satire on the popular passion for Italian sing-song, that the well-merited success of the "*Beggar's Opera*" "*scotched*," but did not kill. It shows, in a ludicrous vein, the necessity of banishing those "*formal fellows*," Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Otway, and Congreve; of turning adrift the abettors and interpreters of their dulness, Wilks, Booth, Cibber, and Oldfield; and of filling up their places with fiddling, singing, and dancing Signors and Signoras! who by the "*hurly-burly of coaches*, the conflagration of torches, the circle of belles, the crowd of beaux, and the ample subscription," prove that the town is entirely their most humble servants.

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Now for the argument. Æneas, the itinerant Prince of Troy, and his father, Anchises, are entertained at the Court of Carthage by Queen Dido. Æneas relates his adventures to her Majesty, during which Harlequin, the Queen's butcher, purloins some piquant morsels from his plate. For this poor Harlequin is condemned to be hanged; but the Prince, who relishes a practical joke, procures his pardon, only to make a pimp of him! The good looks of Æneas "have transfixed the soul" of Queen Dido. She falls into love fits; but, recovering, makes Columbine her confidante.

But "the course of true love," as says the "*Divine Williams*," "never did run smooth." The Prince, instead of returning the Imperial passion, casts a sheep's eye at Columbine. Harlequin tells his master that the fair figurante is pre-engaged. Æneas, however, insinuates a purse of gold into his palm, and Harlequin promises, "upon his honour," to pimp for him.

The slighted Majesty of Carthage, drawn dagger in hand, resolves to cry quittance with the coquette Columbine! A Cabinet Council is held, Harlequin sitting as Prime Minister, "the Doctor" as War Secretary, and Scaramouch as Clerk. It is determined to pursue the fugitive lovers, who have fled to the sea-coast. Harlequin (*sub rosa*) informs them of their danger; pockets another purse of gold; sees them safely on board ship; and wishes them (colours flying and guns roaring!) *bon voyage*.

Queen Dido on horseback harangues her brave troops; Harlequin, as Generalissimo, makes a loyal reply; Pantaloon promises to conquer or perish, and "the Doctor," from the Privy Purse, supplies the sinews of war. The Generalissimo, however, and "the Doctor" cheat the poor soldiers out of their pay, and admit Pantaloon (who threatens to peach!) to share in the plunder.

A "scout" announces the quick approach of the enemy. The Carthaginian heroes in a panic throw down their arms hurriedly, and take to their heels; Pantaloon, fearing to be pulverised, scours away after them; and Queen Dido, "in doleful dumps," is left *solus* in her glory.

Another "scout" informs her Majesty that his predecessor's alarm was a false one, and that the hostile fleet are windbound. She takes "rides about the camp like a fury," and makes Harlequin her Lord High Admiral.

The Queen, "dressed as a Shepherdess," runs stark mad, and the sympathetic maids of honour, to fall in with her strange humour, bleat like young lambs! One of the royal frolics is to make Harlequin a Hobby-horse. "The Doctor" is now called in; he prescribes, and Queen Dido becomes "*compos*." Alas! he has heavy news to tell her. Harlequin, who has all along nourished a secret passion for her sacred person, in a paroxysm of despondency, has suspended himself from the back-stairs banister! Dido commands that his corpse shall be brought in; when she cries over it like a tragedy queen. "The Doctor," to comfort her, offers to bring the dead to life again; which he does by a pharmaceutical process not necessary to be recorded. Her Majesty, resenting the affront of Æneas, crowns the catastrophe by giving her hand to Harlequin; and Harlequin, to the martial music of drums and trumpets, is proclaimed King of Carthage!—GEORGE DANIEL, Canonbury.

Excessively rare - I never saw but Two Copies -
Mr. Holgate's copy at Sotheby's, in 1832,
was purchased by Dodd, the Bookseller, for
Two pounds Ten Shillings! -

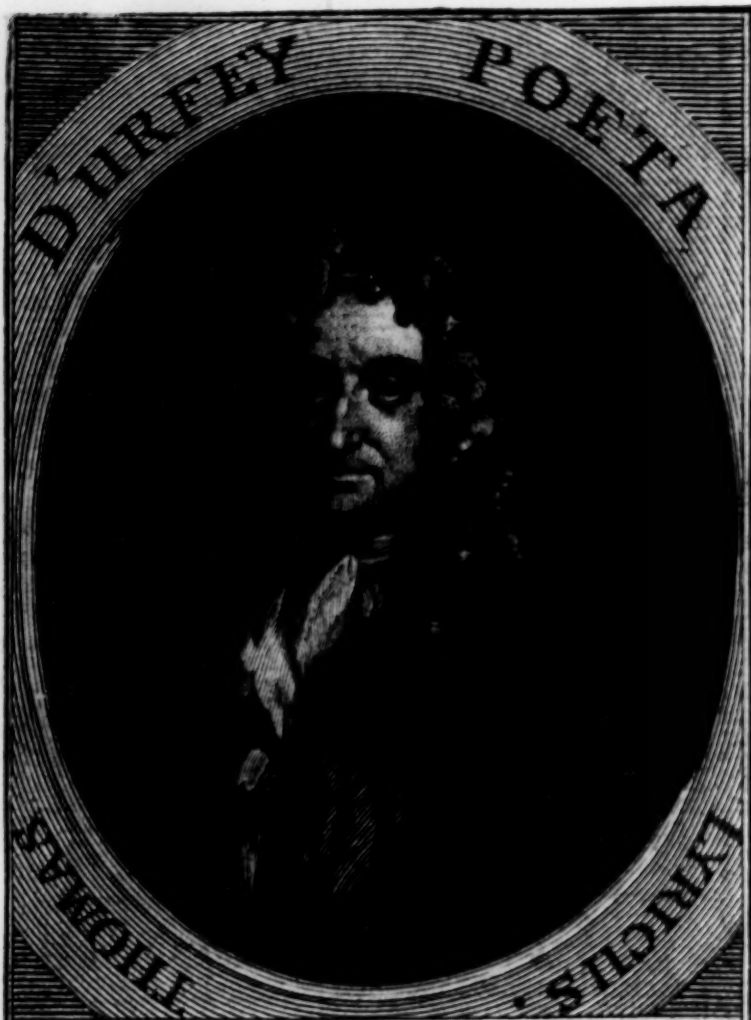
Bonaparte's (the French).

The same Part
added.

J. Daniel,
Christiansburg
1838.

11775.c37





*Whilst D'urfey's voice his verre do's raise,
When D'urfey singe his Tunesfull Layes,
Give D'urfey's Lyrick-muse the Bayes.*

E. G.

E. Douce pinx.

A. Vertue Sculp.

THE
ENGLISH STAGE
ITALIANIZ'D,

In a NEW
Dramatic Entertainment,

CALLED
DIDO and *ÆNEAS*:

O R,
HARLEQUIN,

A Butler, a Pimp, a Minister of
State, Generalissimo, and Lord High Ad-
miral; dead and alive again, and at last
crown'd King of *Carthage*, by *Dido*.

A Tragi-Comedy, after the *Italian* Manner;
by way of Essay, or first Step towards the far-
ther Improvement of the *English* Stage.

Written by THOMAS D'URFEY,
Poet Laureat *de Jure*.

L O N D O N:

Sold for A. MOORE near St. Paul's.
1727. Price 6d.



THE
INTRODUCTION.



Nough my loving Countrymen of Phlegm and Dulness, let us cast away our native Heaviness, and soar to the very tip-top of human Excellence: Let us purge ourselves from Dross, and become light and spirituous, as those generous People, who are now come in pure Charity to refine us, and make us fit for human Conversation: They come not with the selfish Views of their Ancestors, to carry our Consciences and our Purses to *Rome* to convert us, but with a view of enriching the Papal See. No, they are now upon quite another Footing: For whereas we formerly were forced to carry our Money to *Rome*, these good natured Souls take the trouble off our Hands, and carry it for us. Let us then treat 'em as they deserve, and make much of 'em while we can have

INTRODUCTION. iii

have 'em; for it seems all the Courts of *Europe* are stark staring mad to get 'em from us, the *Czarina* in particular; so that 'tis impossible for us to keep 'em long. Let us therefore graft upon their Stock, and improve our *English* Stage by their Model. You are not insensible to what a pitch of Perfection we have already brought the *Italian* Opera here in *England*; and 'tis with the utmost Pride I make a Concession of my Lyrical Lucubrations: Nor do I repine to see 'em give Place to those delightful *Italian* Airs, which are now so common, that the very Shoe Boys, sing *Non e si Vagoe Bello*, at the Corner of every Street.

How much will it add to the Interest and Glory of *Great Britain*, if we can bring our Tragedy and Comedy to the same Perfection! I know of no better a Method, than at once to abolish our old fashion'd Stuff, and for ever to banish from the Stage, *Shakespear*, *Johnson*, *Dryden*, *Otway*, *Wycherly*, *Congreve*, *Rowe*, *Addison*, and all those formal Fellows, who with their ponderous Sentiments, thicken the Blood of their Auditors; Whereas these light airy Performances, quicken the

iv INTRODUCTION.

Circulation, give new Life, and as it were, quite another manner of Air to the whole human Microcosm.

With the Authors, we must likewise banish their Abettors, and turn adrift *W---ks*, *B----th*, *C-----r*, *O----d* and *P---r*; who have already sufficiently feathered their Nests; and till the *Italian* Language is either totally introduc'd in *England*, or the *English* Tongue taught to *Italian* Comedians, we must make a shift with what poor Players we have.

*What is the worth of any Thing,
But so much Money as 'twill bring:*

Says the inimitable and immortal *Butler*. Let us judge therefore, of these *Italian* Comedies and Comedians, not by the Report of illiterate and peevish Criticks, but by their full Houses, their noble Audiences, composed of the best of our People. I am therefore, in contradiction to the *Anti-Italians*, determin'd to conclude, that this hurly-burly of Coaches, this Conflagration of Flambeaux, this Circle of *Belles*,¹⁶ this crowd of *Beaux*; and above all, this ample Subscription, can never be for Trifles. Shall any Man persuade me, that
so

INTRODUCTION. V

so many powder'd Perukes, would spend so many Hours in vain? no, no, there is more in it than the generality of shallow Pates can yet imagine: They must live and learn, e're they be able to make any Thing of these Dramatic Mysteries.

In short, our Players are mad to see themselves outdone; and if *B---th* should do otherwise than well, it must not be imputed to any other Cause, but hearing, for he could not see himself outdone, by that Prodigy in Nature who acts the *Heroe* in the *Italian Comedy*. And depend upon it, (*whoever lives to see it*) shall see *W---ks*, *O---d*, *P---r*, and too many others here to mention, as mad as *March Hares*, at this overthrow of the *English Stage*: nay, poor *C-----r* has begun the Dance already, for it seems he was at *C-----t G-----n Church* last Sunday, and was observed to look very wild and delirious.

But what is their Madness to us, if we improve our Taste? let all the World run mad, so we grow polite. I am sure I shall have no Cause to repent, for no Man but myself having the Secret of *Italianizing* the *English Stage*, I must consequently tumble in Money;
and

vi INTRODUCTION.

and no small Pride will it be to me, when I see those who have ill treated me walk on Foot, while I sit my Berlin in Triumph, and order my Coachman most horribly to bespatter all such Enemies of mine, whom he cannot with any Convenience drive over: So determines,

Your Old,

Tho' much injured Bard,

THOMAS D'URFEY,

Poor Knight of Windsor,

Where I may be seen alive and well at any Time of the Day, notwithstanding the malicious Authors of the Town, have long since reported me to be dead. But if Occasion be, I will swear my self alive before any Magistrate in *England*.



ARGU-

ARGUMENT.

AENEAS, the wandering Prince of Troy, is entertained at the Court of Carthage, by Queen Dido, where by a graceful Narration of his Lamentable Adventures, he makes a Conquest of the Queen's Heart. Harlequin being then Butler to the Queen, commits a Fault, for which he is doom'd to die, but is reprieved at the earnest Intercession of Aeneas, who begs Harlequin of her Majesty for his Valet de Chambre, but in fact makes a Pimp of him. for Aeneas being deeply smitten with Colombine, Harlequin's Mistress, buys of Harlequin, who at the same time is half mad for Love of the Queen. Aeneas runs away by Night with Colombine; and Harlequin, pretending to be the Queen's Friend in this Affair, is made chief Minister of State. The Queen runs mad for the Love and Loss of Aeneas. Harlequin dies for Love of the Queen. The Doctor brings the Queen to life by a transmigrative Secret, and Scaramouch runs mad in her Stead. Harlequin is restored to life by the Doctor. The Queen falls in Love with him, and he is crowned King by Dido. The Doctor is loaden with Riches and Honour, and the whole Audience highly satisfied.

Dra-



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

ÆNEAS, Prince of Troy, in Love
with *Colombine*.

Anchises his Father, in Love with no Body.

Harlequin, chief Butler to *Dido*, in Love with
the Queen.

Pantalon, chief Cook, in Love with his Belly.

The *Doctor* in Love with ready Money.

Scaramouch in Love with himself.

W O M E N.

Dido, Queen of Troy, in Love with *Æneas*.

Colombine, a Coquet, in Love with every Body.

Guards and Attendants, &c.

S C E N E

The Court of Carthage.



ACT I. SCENE I.

A Hall in Queen Dido's Palace.

Enter Pantalon.

Followed by several Waiters bringing in covered Dishes. She gives Directions for placing them, and kicks the Waiters off one after another.

SCENE II.

Enter Harlequin. Followed by several Waiters with Goblets, which they set down, and are kick'd off by *Harlequin*.

SCENE III.

Enter Dido. Attended by *Colombine* and other Attendants, and places herself at Table.

SCENE IV.

Enter the Doctor. He makes a Reverence, approaches the Table, tastes of every Dish, shews his Approbation, and goes off.

SCENE V.

Enter Scaramouch. He comes in and goes out at the Heels of his Master.

SCENE VI.

Enter Aeneas. He comes in nobly attended, seats himself at Table, and makes a Reverence to the Queen, which she returns.

B

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter *Anchises*. He comes in led between two; places himself near *Aeneas*, and makes his Reverence to the Queen, which she returns.

SCENE VIII.

Enter several *Nobles* and *Courtiers*. They place themselves at Table with much Ceremony.

SCENE IX.

Enter *Guards*, *Waiters*, and *Attendants*, Infomuch that the Hall is quite full.

SCENE X.

Enter the *Candle-Snuffer*. He snuffs the Candles with a theatrical Air, and goes off.

SCENE XI.

The Queen desires *Aeneas*, to give an Account of his Misfortunes, he tells her no such thing can be done, and yet he'll do it, and accordingly does it; mean while *Harlequin* steals all the Meat from off his Plate.

SCENE XII.

The Queen perceiving *Harlequin's* Villainy, orders him to be hang'd. *Aeneas* is pleased at the Frolick, and begs his Life; and withal, that he may be his *Valet de Cham-*
bre.

(II)

bre, which the Queen grants. Many amorous Glances pass from the Queen to *Aeneas*, from *Aeneas* to *Colombine*, from *Harlequin* to the Queen, which conclude the first *Act*.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter *Dido*. She says that the Charms of *Aeneas*, have transfix'd her Soul, and that she shall die if he does not meet her Passion: She falls into Fits.

SCENE II.

Enter *Colombine*. She cuts the Lace of her Majesty's Stays, shrieks aloud for help, pulls the Queen by the Nose, and bends her forward.

SCENE III.

Enter several Maids of Honour. They all severally assist to recover her Majesty; one administering Water, another a Smelling Bottle; at last the Queen comes to herself, and orders them all to withdraw.

SCENE IV.

Dido and *Colombine*. She makes *Colombine* the Confidant of her Passion, who promises to assist her to the utmost of her Power.

Exit Dido

SCENE V.

Harlequin and *Colombine*. He would fain toy with her; she gives him a Box on the Ear, and upbraids him with his Love to the Queen; he goes out in a Huff.

SCENE VI.

Enter *Aeneas*. He says that *Colombine* is more lovely than the Queen, and that he must enjoy her or die.

SCENE VII.

Harlequin and *Aeneas*. *Harlequin* having overheard him, tries to dissuade him, telling him that *Colombine* is pre-engag'd, a Coquet, &c. but *Aeneas* clapping a Purse of Gold into his Hand he gives her up, and promises to get her for him. *Exit Aeneas*.

SCENE VIII.

Harlequin and the *Doctor*. He offers the *Doctor* the Purse of Gold, if he will give *Dido* a Love-Powder to make her enamour'd of him, which the *Doctor* accepts; but defers the Affair to a more convenient Time.

SCENE IX.

Enter *Scaramouch*. Stealing in the Dark to *Colombine's* Apartment, *Harlequin* lays himself on the Ground in his Way; *Scaramouch*

mouch tumbles over him; after which, *Harlequin* binds and gags him, and so leaves him.

SCENE X.

Æneas Solus. He is impatiently waiting for *Harlequin* to convey him to *Colombine's* Apartment.

SCENE XI.

Enter *Harlequin*. *Æneas* is overjoy'd, and runs to embrace *Harlequin*, who leaps about his Neck, and very much discomposes him; he is a little angry, but soon appeas'd, and *Harlequin* leads him to *Colombine's* Apartment.

SCENE XII.

Colombine's Apartment. *Colombine* asleep. Enter *Harlequin*, followed by *Æneas* with a dark Lanthorn; they strive which shall most express their Love in dumb Shew: *Æneas* kisses her Hand, *Harlequin* kisses her Foot, *Æneas* her Face, *Harlequin* her A---se. After many Struggles, *Æneas* takes the Chamber-Pot and drinks it all off. *Harlequin* overcome retires, wishing his Master a good Night and good Success.

End of the Second Act.

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

Aeneas and *Colombine*. They appear very good Friends, toying and kissing as if she had been very well pleased.

SCENE II.

Enter *Harlequin*. He tells 'em the Queen has heard of their Amours, and is coming to upbraid *Aeneas*, and punish *Colombine*; they are frightned and make off, while *Harlequin* plunders *Aeneas*'s Breeches which are left on the Bed.

SCENE III.

Enter *Dido*. She comes in with a Dagger in her Hand, and runs to the Bed to stab *Colombine*; *Harlequin* falls on his Knees, and tells her the whole Amour, shewing her the Breeches, &c. and making Protestations of his Fidelity.

SCENE IV.

Enter *Scaramouch*. Rolling in Head over Heels, bound and gag'd, (as he supposes by *Aeneas*) *Harlequin* unbinds and ungags him, he tells the Queen he just saw 'em go down the back-Stairs.

SCENE

(15)

SCENE V.

Enter the *Doctor*. He goes to beat *Scaramouch*; the *Queen* interposes and pacifies him.

SCENE VI.

Enter *Pantalon*. With a Spit in his Hand, which he tells her he had stuck in *Aeneas's* Back-Side, as he stole out of the Buttery Window into the Garden after *Colombine*. The *Queen* smiles, vows Revenge, and goes out. They all follow her.

SCENE VII.

The *Queen's* Apartment. *Dido* and all her Court about her; she makes *Pantalon* her Generalissimo, *Harlequin* her first Minister, the *Doctor* her principal Secretary, and *Scaramouch* his Clerk; a grand Council is held, and 'tis resolved to follow *Aeneas*, *Vi & Armis*.

SCENE VIII.

The Sea Coast. *Aeneas* and *Colombine* on their Flight giving Orders to embark.

SCENE IX.

Enter *Anchises*. He blames *Aeneas* for his imprudent Love, and warns him of the ap-

approaching Danger. *Aeneas* excuses himself, and sends his Father on Board.

SCENE X.

Harlequin in Disguise. Comes to acquaint *Aeneas* of the Queen's Measures. The Prince gives him another Purse of Gold.

SCENE XI.

The Captain comes and tells *Aeneas* all is ready.

SCENE XII.

Aeneas, *Harlequin* and *Colombine*. After mutual Embraces, they take leave and depart several Ways, they on Board of Ship, and *Harlequin* to Court. The Fleet is discovered at Sea. Guns roaring, Colours flying, which concludes the third *Act*.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Camp. The *Carthaginian* Army in pursuit of *Aeneas* and *Colombine*.

Enter Queen *Dido* on Horseback. She makes a Speech to her Army, encouraging them to a brave Revenge. *Harlequin* makes an eloquent Speech in answer to her Majesty's.

Sca-

Scaramouch takes all down in Short-Hand on a Drum-Head.

SCENE II.

Enter *Pantalon*. He appears at the Head of a Party of Soldiers, makes his Compliments to the Queen; and after having vow'd to die or conquer, takes his leave.

SCENE III.

Enter the *Doctor*. He tells her Majesty that War is not carried on without Money. She gives him all she has, and goes out.

SCENE IV.

« *Harlequin* and the *Doctor*. They contrive to share the Money, and cheat the Army.

SCENE V.

Enter *Pantalon*. He having over-heard 'em, tells 'em if they don't let him come in for a Snack, he will blow 'em up. They consent, divide the Spoil lovingly, and go off.

SCENE VI.

A Charge is sounded, the Queen rides about the Camp like Fury, animating the Soldiers.

SCENE VII.

Enter *Pantalon*. He tells the Queen the Enemy's Army are in Motion: The Queen

C

calls

calls a Council of War, and resolves to give them Battle.

SCENE VIII.

Enter a Scout. He brings Advice of the Enemy's Approach and Force, which so terrifies the *Carthaginian* Soldiers, that they throw down their Arms and run, some one Way, and some another; *Pantalon* scours off at the Head of a Party of Horse, and the Queen is left alone.

SCENE IX.

Enter *Harlequin*. He upbraids their Cowardice, comforts the Queen, vows Revenge on *Pantalon*, and goes in quest of him and his fugitive Soldiers.

SCENE X.

Enter another Scout. He assures the Queen that the Enemy are gone clear off, and that the Noise which so intimidated the Army, was only a great Herd of Swine, grouting among the Acorns, at which her Majesty is ready to burst with laughter.

SCENE XI.

Enter *Harlequin*. He lugs *Pantalon* in by the Beard, who implores the Queen's Pardon, which

which she grants him, but makes *Harlequin* Generalissimo in his Stead.

SCENE XII.

Enter the *Doctor*. He brings the Queen News that the Enemy's Fleet are Wind-bound, within a few Leagues of the Place, and advises her to send a Squadron of Men of War after 'em; she likes the Proposal, and constitutes *Harlequin* High Admiral, which concludes the fourth A C T.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Harlequin's Palace. *Harlequin* at his Levee, attended by crowds of Courtiers; some bowing, others delivering Petitions: He plays his *Harlequin* Tricks with them, beating some down, demolishing others, *cum multis aliis*.

SCENE II.

Enter the *Doctor* with a large Retinue. Great Compliments pass between him and *Harlequin*; they discourse of their great Fortune; *Harlequin* reminds him of his Promise to obtain the Queen's Love for him, he assures him he's not unmindful.

(20)

SCENE III.

Enter *Scaramouch*. He tells them the Queen is run raving Mad, and the Court is all in an Uproar; they hurry away in all haste.

SCENE IV.

The Court of *Carthage*. Queen *Dido* dress'd like a Shepherdess, talking madly to her Maids of Honour, who bleat like Lambs to humour her; she supposing them to be a Flock of Sheep.

SCENE V.

Enter *Pantalon*. With a Mefs of Caudle for the Queen; she throws it in his Face and scalds him. He runs out howling and crying.

SCENE VI.

Enter *Harlequin*. He goes to condole the Queen; she throws him down, puts her Garter about his Neck for a Bridle, and almost choaks him; she gets astride his Back, fancying herself on Horse-back in the Camp. *Harlequin* cries out Murder.

SCENE VII.

Enter Guards. They take the Queen from off *Harlequin*'s Back; he runs off.

SCENE

SCENE VIII.

Enter the *Doctor*. He gives the *Queen* a Clyster to draw her Madnels downwards; after which he takes the Closestool-Pan, and strains it through a Sieve into a golden Cup, and throws the rest in the Fire.

SCENE IX.

Enter *Scaramouch*. The *Doctor* tells him if he drinks of that Cup, he shall be young, handsome, rich, immortal and invisable; he drinks it off and runs mad. The *Queen* comes to herself.

SCENE X.

Enter a Page. He tells them *Harlequin* has hang'd himself over the Banister of the Back Stairs; the *Doctor* assures the *Queen* 'twas for Love of her: She mourns his Death, and the *Doctor* to comfort her, promises to bring him to life again. He orders him to be brought in.

SCENE XI.

Harl. brought in dead. The *Doctor* blows Wind up his Fundament, and restores him to life; *Harlequin* not having stal'd for some time, the first Thing he does is to make Water, which he does with a Vengeance, lugging
out

out his Wherewithal, and pissing out *Scaramouch's* Eyes, who tumbles against one and t'other, and affords great Diversion.

SCENE XII.

Enter the Priest. The Queen finding the falsity of *Aeneas*, and seeing the Merit of *Harlequin*, forgets the Prince, and marries *Harlequin* at the Sound of Drums and Trumpets; and at last crowns him King of *Carthage*, which crowns the whole Catastrophe, and ends the Play.

F I N I S.

4 AU 64



ADVER



Advertisement.

FOR the Benefit of the English Quality, and others who have forgot their Mother-Tongue, This Play is translating into Italian by an able Hand; and will be sold by the Orange-Women and Door-keepers, at Six Pence each, during the Time of its Performance.



Affidavit

Affidavit concerning the Publication of Dido and Aeneas, by Mr. D'Urfey; printed for A. Moore near St. Paul's.

TO invalidate the notorious and scandalous falsehoods contained in the publick Papers, which have reported the ingenious Mr. Thomas D'Urfey to be dead; B. Moore maketh Oath, that a Book by him herewith produced, intituled the *English Stage Italianiz'd*, &c. is published by the aforesaid Mr. D'Urfey, and printed from an original Manuscript, by him given to this Deponent.

This Deponent farther saith, that Mr. D'Urfey was alive when he gave him the Copy, and that when the abovementioned Book was printed, he returned the original Manuscript to Mr. D'Urfey, who was likewise alive at that time at his Chambers in *Wind-Jor Castle*.

4 AU 64

Jurat 14^o Die Nov. 1726.

Coram me

C. Richardson.

B. MOORE.

